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EASTER NUMBER

Oscar Edward Maurer
"Why I Believe in Eternal Life"

W. I. Wishart
"A Hint of Eternity"

W. P. Lemon
"The Easter Light"

Elmer W. Harner
"The Great Remainder"

Bruce S. Wright
"A Day With Christ"

Henry M. Edmonds
"The Risen Life"

James E. Freeman
"America's Choice"

Douglas Horton
"The Cup That Never Faileth"

George Craig Stewart
An Easter Prayer

Why I Believe in Eternal Life

BY OSCAR EDWARD MAURER

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die. John 11:25.

JESUS spoke these words to a believer in immortality, but a believer puzzled and heartbroken at the ugly fact of death. "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." And Jesus said unto her, "Thy brother shall rise again." Martha said unto him, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection, at the last day." Then come the corrective, enlarging words of Jesus stating his greatest claim: "I am the resurrection and the life." Not some far off event—not a new life called mysteriously into being after the cord of mortal life had been snapped by untimely fate. The resurrection now, ageless life now, eternity here, in the midst of time.

I.

As a disciple of Jesus I believe in life eternal because I believe in God the Father, the Lord and Giver of Life. The whole teaching of Jesus Christ about God and man is in the atmosphere of endless life. Jesus never meant anything else than eternal life when he spoke of life at all. This accounts for the fact that there is very little specific teaching in the gospels concerning the doctrine of immortality, far less than in the dialogues of Plato for instance. There is no sublime conjecture, such as we find in the Phaedo. When Jesus speaks of the subject it is as though he assumed that any soul which has found

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the life in God, already has ageless life. Take the fourteenth chapter of St. John. There is little specific reference, yet it is shot through and through with the grand chords of the hymn of life. We hear Jesus speak of the universe as his Father's house; he promises the sweet gift of personal recognition without argument, but as a fact rooted and grounded in the very nature of God. Or take his quiet words to the Sadducees, who had no hope of resurrection. He cannot grasp their idea of God at all, and he says so. "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto him." And in the very teeth of death, when the agony of dissolution might well have broken down mere fortitude, he says, with an almost naive sense of fellowship, to the malefactor who was crucified with him, "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Eternal Life Now

He says these things over and over again. He has found the secret and he wants to impart it. The urgency of his desire is to impart to his disciples a vision of the splendor of man's destiny as a child of God. There was to be no anxious waiting for a problematic future life, whose quality was based upon a system of punishments and rewards. A man's deeds and purposes will indeed bear issue. But the judgment day is every day. And the life we shall live then is the life we should be living now. Jesus would have considered the question, "Shall I live after death?" beside the mark. He would have asked, "Have you life now?" for the life of which he speaks is ageless. He had found that secret, and the secret is not endless years, but ageless, deathless life.

Jesus could define life so that it stretched beyond the span of a man's years and encompassed eternity, because he believed in its unity. Spiritual life is not a series of isolated springs, but an ocean laving every shore. It is one and has its source in God. Life is not one thing in man and another thing in God. Life in the soul is the tide of the divine sea, flowing through the channels of human nature. "I and the Father are one," he said, and he followed that tremendous declaration with the prayer that his disciples might be one with God and himself. "I am the way and the truth." "I am the light." "I am the bread of life." But always he comes back to God. "This is life eternal, that they should know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

Notice how the interplay of these two ideas—life's present immortality and life's unity—determines Jesus' attitude toward the future. My life depends not upon the things of this world, he says. My physical fate, as a human being, whatever it may be, cannot harm the real, living part of me, once I am conscious of divine sonship. This was the secret of his serenity. Men might crucify him, but he belonged to God. He does not scorn death like a cynic, nor brave it like a philosopher. He is a son, going home to his Father. His life is so certainly the eternal life, that death cannot affect it at all. Because God lives, he lives also.

II.

I believe in life everlasting, because I believe in an unfolding, progressive, creative universe. I believe that evolution is the method by which God is doing his work. It is the divine program of creation, written broadly across the first chapter of Genesis and expressed in all the processes of the world. The creation story in Genesis may be naive in its picture of God working in the slime and mud of chaos and resting from his labors on the seventh day, but that naive story gives the sequence recognized by modern science. Chaos gives way to order and form, the mysterious principle of life appears in its lowest manifestation, with its powers of reproduction and growth; the sea swarms with creatures; the air is alive with wings; the great land mammals appear, upon whose bones we moderns gaze with wonder. To this day there continue the miracles of metamorphosis as though the Creator had wanted to picture the process of his creative will for the simplest mind. You have seen the tiny egg hatch out a repulsive, slow-moving, earth-bound worm. You have seen that worm spin its own shroud and disintegrate into a pulp. And then at length you have seen that cocoon burst by a swift moving form with iridescent wings that caught the sunlight and were made for the air.

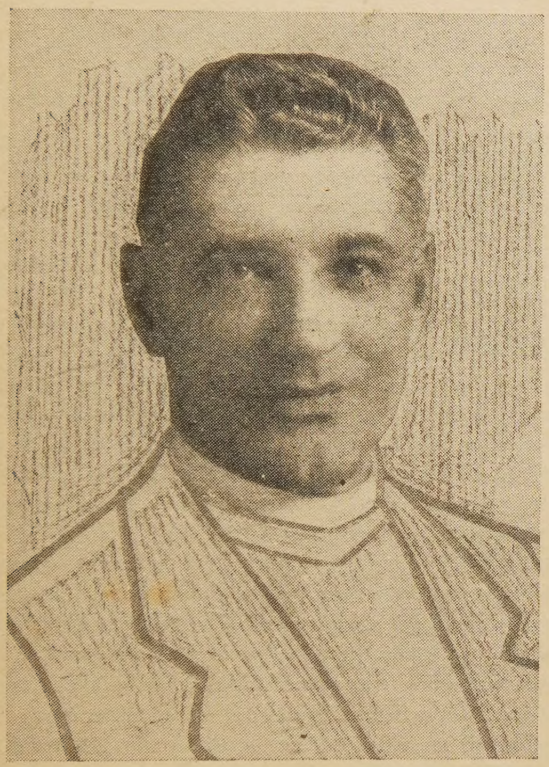
Form, order, life with the power of begetting life, cells with the power of infinite division into other cells—plants, amoebae, organizations, organisms, vertebrates, mammals—all progressive, all upward. And then comes the point where something new appears, and that is *mind*. Mystery and yet fact. The painstaking and reverent scientist comments on it in volumes. Genesis packs all those volumes into one short sentence, "Jehovah God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life: and man became a living soul." This new creature begins to show powers of organization. He is more than a beast, even in his lowest stages. And he and those like him, in spite of their warring and fighting over bones and caves and women, begin to climb upward. *Upward! Upward!* Some inner principle drives him on. It drives him on to fellowship with his own kind, and through the thousand and perhaps million of years since sentient man appeared on the earth, he has been evolving the family, the clan, the tribe, the nation. And with these a sense of duty, a feeling of love. This is no bone-cracking, marrow-sucking ape. This is a moral being, upstanding, upreaching, upclimbing.

> A fire-mist and a planet,
> A crystal and a cell,
> A jelly-fish and a saurian,
> And caves where the cave-men dwell;
> Then a sense of law and beauty
> And a face turned from the clod,—
> Some call it evolution,
> And others call it God.

Now to what purpose this urge of life reaching back millions of years? Is this long slow struggle at so great a cost, up the slope of life, to end in nothingness at last? Have we reached the top? Is human life

all that it can be in moral worth or grandeur? Can we really settle down and say that this is the best of all possible worlds? If we believe in God, can we say that this is the best that God can do?

No, even the simple mind, untutored in the wisdom of the schools, has a better logic than that. This world is not yet perfect, human life is not yet perfect—far from it!—and unless God has played out and come to the end of his strength, unless the life-force is like a spent runner fainting far away from his goal, God's program must go on and on to perfection in the full and final realization of all its struggles and hopes and prophesies, in the immortal life.



OSCAR EDWARD MAURER

III.

I believe in the life everlasting because I believe in the moral worth of personality. To all this upward surge of evolution of which I have been speaking, there has, in the course of the countless ages, been added something that was not in the original material. And that new factor or force, or characteristic—call it what you will—is personality. It is what makes us human. It is what gives us meaning to one another. It is what constitutes reality. Beloved as is the body, the face, the voice of your friend, you know that the physical frame is not your friend. His worth, his value, do not consist in that. An infected wound can make it repulsive and dangerous, a touch of fever or a stroke of paralysis can make that dear voice abhorrent. But the personality of your friend cannot thus be blotted out. It comes to you from the lines of letters yellowed with age. You open a forgotten book read years ago in the company of a friend, and the room in which you read it stands before you, you feel the presence of your friend, smell the perfume of his favorite flower, hear his genial laughter. And what is even more than this, you cling to such ideas as loyalty and honor because of your friend's personality. Beauty, truth and goodness—what are they but abstract conceptions unless they can be given meaning through personality? Take away a university's scholars and students, her musicians, writers and artists, build a wall around her and shut her away from human kind, and what meaning would it have?

Personality gives worth and value not only to the things that man has created but to the things God has created. Theoretically the great snow-peaked mountains would continue to have beauty and majesty if every living soul were removed from the earth, but they wouldn't have any meaning. Personality is what gives meaning and supreme moral worth to our human world. Personality expresses itself in character. Personality is power. Says James H. Snowden: "It is the master force of human civilization, without which coal and iron and steam and electricity could not forge a beam or build a hut. It is this power which constitutes the whole material fabric of our civilization and makes the statesman, orator, thinker, poet, artist or leader in any field. It was by the force of his personality that Demosthenes swayed Athens, Caesar mastered Rome, Paul drove the wedge of the gospel into Europe, Luther created the reformation, Napoleon dominated the kings of his day, Lincoln liberated a fettered race. It was the personality of Columbus that held the prow of his vessel ever westward. It is personality that makes great discoveries, writes great books, paints great pictures, dreams great buildings like the Taj Mahal or Chartres."

"Ah," you say, "that is genius." Yes, but what is genius but the flower which reveals the possibility of personality existing even in the little child which is to you like no other child on earth?

Spiritual Values Permanent

Energy cannot be destroyed. It can be converted into other forms; momentum into heat, heat into light —but it cannot be destroyed. The moral values, the moral energy revealed in personality, are certainly as real, as much a part of the universe as are the tides or the movements of the heavenly bodies. Now, if we can count on the consistency of the tides and the planets, is it poor reasoning to think that we can count on the consistency of the spiritual values revealed in personality? If there is conservation and recreation of physical energy, why not of spiritual energy? Why should we consider that a bullet or a malignant germ or the process of natural death can destroy a force which is forever showing that it is greater than the body, that it uses the body as an instrument, that it can work its will even when the body is deaf and blind and dumb? If human personality is doomed to extinction, if the universe is against us, if the sacrifice of Christ has no more actual meaning than the treachery of Judas, then the world is a mad-

house; God is an insane Moloch devouring his children; there is no difference between right and wrong in the final outcome. I believe that this human soul has only made a beginning, that it has innate powers to press indefinitely beyond its present boundaries and launch out upon unknown deeps and fathom unsounded depths. It has eternity set within its heart. Goodness is a supreme worth, an essential value. We cannot fully attain it in even fourscore years. Yet we are meant to be perfect as our Heavenly Father is perfect, and that means that we shall go on in our growth towards God's goodness, even when the span of mortal life has reached its end. This body must pass away, but our souls will find another body of finer and more enduring substance, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And as the personality of our friends is the characteristic which distinguished them from every one else, and the index by which we recognized them, so this personality will shine through the resurrection body and we shall know them, know them better than we ever did before, when we meet. Nothing in the teaching of Jesus points to a vague immortality in which we will be lost in a sea of life. No, he expects to have his disciples with him, that where he is, we may be also.

IV.

I believe that this larger life into which we graduate when we pass through the doors of death, will be interesting, progressive, creative. It will not be a banquet hall, nor a sanatorium, nor a celestial concert chamber with a choir spending eternity singing round the throne. The soul has a native dignity and desires.

* * * no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky;
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

The immortal life will be like our earthly life raised to ever higher degrees of perfection and power, in which our dominant worthy desires can be followed, in which some of our worthy dreams, which are intimations of immortality, can be worked out under better conditions, with fairer chances of success, in conscious, happy fellowship with great souls.

All we have willed or dreamed of good shall exist,
Not its semblance, but itself: no beauty, no good, no power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity confirms the conceptions of an hour.

V.

And finally, I believe that eternal life begins here and now. It is not some distant, far-off estate, separated from us by a yawning gulf. What we do now, the lessons we learn now, the tastes and inclinations we form now, the desires that become dominant now, the quality of soul we develop now—these are the factors which determine our future, and they are already a part of it. Why put off knowing God in this world, when knowing him in this world means the beginning of a friendship which can be continued in the next? Let us rather throw ourselves in with the onmoving will of God. What will you take with you into that vast forever? Houses, lands, treasure, fame? You will have to leave them all behind, with the earthly house of this tabernacle. There is only one thing you can take—the immortal quality of a life that is rich in God. "Whosoever shall do the will of God," said Jesus, "is my brother and sister and mother." That is immortality. "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." This is my Easter faith.

A Hint of Eternity

By W. I. Wishart

Also he hath set eternity in their heart. Eccl. 3:11*b.*

LORADO TAFT, the American sculptor, whose fine work may be seen in some of our great cities, was speaking sometime ago to a friend about his own art and about those who are working in the same line. He said to his friend: "What we sculptors need is to get back into our work the hint of eternity." There is a good deal of deep significance in that word. It is a true word, not for sculptors alone, but for other artists and workers as well. What our painters need is to get some farther and deeper meaning into their canvasses, at least one is led to think that when he looks at some of the pictures on display in the annual exhibit at the Carnegie Art Gallery. What our musical composers need is to get away from the tendency toward jazz and ragtime, is to get some accent of eternity in their compositions, to make them comparable to the work of the great masters. The same might be said about much of the poetry which is being written in these days. Indeed all of us, whatever our work or our art, need the same thing that the sculptor sought for himself and his fellow artists. That is to say, we need that accent, that subtle emphasis, which reveals the deep conviction that we belong essentially in the eternal order.

The writer of Ecclesiastes was evidently a moody and discouraged soul. He takes a rather gloomy view of life. He is something of a pessimist. But all through his moody reflections there are found flashes of spiritual insight which indicate that the man was able to rise right often above his despair. He seems always to recognize that if things are bad here beneath the sun, there is something larger and better beyond the sun. So that many notable and noble utterances of far-reaching truth may be found in the words of this disillusioned philosopher.

Man More Than Machine

Here is one of these remarkable sayings. He is brooding upon the monotony of life. The dreary round of the treadmill seems to make life a joyless and a futile thing. There is "a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to

mourn, and a time to dance; a time to love, and a time to hate." Yet as the man reflects upon the vanity and futility of it all, he checks himself to say: "He hath made everything beautiful in its time: also he hath set eternity in their heart." He recognizes that after all man is something more than a machine. There is something splendid, something immortal in every human soul. He conceives of men as lifted immeasurably above pieces of mechanism by the fact that God hath put eternity into the human heart, a certain longing for it, a certain expectation of another life after this one is

W. I. Wishart

over, a certain sense of kinship with the things that abide. This upward-looking creature, this man with breath and accent of eternity in his soul, has no reason to be disgusted with the monotony of things here, for there is always a gleam to be followed, an expectation deep in his soul that has wonderful lifting power.

What a fact it is, this instinct of immortality, this sense of kinship with the things that abide! Sir Arthur Keith, in his address a year or two ago before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, declared in effect that man does not have an immortal soul, that thought is merely the product of chemical reactions in the brain. A year later, as you will recall, Sir William Bragg, speaking as the newly elected president of this same famous organization, took quite the opposite position. He argued that man has an immortal soul, that the view which reduces him to a mere piece of mechanism cannot be sustained. The veteran column writer, Arthur Brisbane, commenting on the opposing views of these noted scientists, says: "Why argue about it? To insist that man has a soul is like saying that there is steam in an engine when it moves, or physical life in a man you see running or talking. Science cannot prove the existence of a soul, but," he adds, "proof isn't necessary. Only spirit can supply force to matter and make things better. No 'fortuitous concourse of atoms' could produce the left hind leg of a field mouse, much less the brain of Aristotle. When freedom of the will was discussed, Samuel Johnson said: 'Sir, we know the will is free, and there's an end of it.' Men may say, with equal assurance," says Mr. Brisbane, "We know that the soul exists, and there's an end of that."

Well, the writer of Ecclesiastes, and Jesus, and Paul, did not see any reason for arguing about the question whether or not man is a spiritual self distinct from his body and that this self has within it the instinct of eternity. They assumed it. They recognized that the thing is in a way self-evident.

Now, if it is true, as this old philosopher assumes, that eternity is written into the very constitution of the human spirit, if we belong in the eternal order, if the life we live here will have some bearing and influence upon the kind or quality of the eternity into which we enter, then, then what manner of people ought we to be? How should people who are essentially immortal conduct themselves in this mortal world? If there is with us a deep conviction that death does not end it all, then what should be our purpose and program?

I can think of three words that may, in a way, answer these questions, may suggest what ought to characterize those in whose hearts God has put eternity.

Life Is Serious

The first word is Seriousness.

By which I mean to say that if we are essentially immortal, then to live here is mighty serious business. Life is no mad frolic. We are here for something bigger and greatly more important than merely to have a good time.

This is not to speak against laughter and a cheery philosophy of life. I suppose the old Puritans were generally caricatured, but one has no sympathy with that long-faced solemnity and musty, graveyard spirit attributed to them. That was probably a gross misrepresentation when some wit said that the Puritans forbade bear-bating, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Those somber souls who go about sighing and crying about things as they are, seeing no reason for joy either in present conditions or the future outlook, are no great advantage to any country. The cheerful optimism of our cowboy philosopher, Will Rogers, is worth to society a thousand cynics, like old Diogenes, prowling around with his lantern to find an honest man, breathing out his cynicisms and sarcasms on all whom he meets. The individual is peculiarly unfortunate who has lost his sense of humor, and when a group of people or a nation has seemed to suffer the same loss, the result is tragic.

But having a sense of humor, being able to discover the cheerful side even of the hardest experiences, is

something quite different from treating life itself as if it were a trivial thing. It is quite different from the attitude of those who seem to regard life as merely an opportunity for selfish indulgence and a perpetual frolic. Lord Byron in his famous poem, describing how the outbreak of the battle of Waterloo burst upon the British and Belgian officers when they were at a dance in Brussels, tells how the gay crowd was almost irritated that the dull boom of cannons should disturb their pleasure. They lightly threw off the warning, saying,

> On with the dance; let joy be unconfined;
> No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
> To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

I dare to say that in this twentieth century there are many people like that, refusing to take seriously the notes of warning that are sounded, the things that challenge us to recognize the tremendous facts of our existence, the significance of having souls that must live forever. Are there not those in this day who do not want to be disturbed or awakened out of their rosy dreams, who do not want to face reality and think out a life policy that will be worthy of men who are immortal? Jesus was no ascetic. He was not against laughter and joy and the simple pleasures of home and countryside. But to him it was a serious thing to live.

Careful Life-Building

A second word is Carefulness.

That is to say, if we are immortal and are shaping our future destiny by the way we build our lives here, how careful we should be to do that work wisely and well. Paul, referring to a letter of warning and rebuke he had written to the Corinthians, exclaims, "What earnest care it wrought in you." That should be the effect of every message and season of worship, the effect of our prayer and Bible study and reflection upon history and biography. All these cultural influences should work in us earnest care, carefulness to use, not wood, hay, stubble, perishable things, in the erection of our lives; but to use gold and silver and precious stones, things that will abide and will glow with spiritual resplendence on into eternity.

The old artist justified himself in taking such painstaking care on the canvas he was painting by saying, "I am painting for eternity." How careful about the way they live should men and women be who are erecting lives which are to project into eternity. No shabby work when one is building a life!

Aspiration

The third word is Aspiration.

Outlook, expectation, reaching eagerly after that beautiful life that stretches beyond—this is the third thing that will characterize those who feel the throb of eternity in their breasts. Shall the butterfly be content in the narrow surroundings of its grub-life, in the dark shrouding of the chrysalis? Shall it not struggle toward the sunshine and the upper air for which its wings are made? Shall it not center every energy it has on breaking out from the old and hindering shell into that larger life for which it has been born? Shall this man, with eternity in his heart, be content to live down among mere material things, raking in the muck, indifferent to the crown that hangs over his head? Shall he not reach out toward the more abundant life, saying with the blind poet-preacher,

> I lay in dust life's glory dead,
> And from the ground there blossoms red
> Life that shall endless be.

The beloved John shows how this aspiration tends to lift and transfigure the soul. "We know," he says, "that if he shall be manifested, we shall be like him. And every one that hath this hope set on him purified himself, even as he is pure." So let those who have eternity in their hearts strive and long and look and hope. Let them throw aside every weight and the sinful besetments, all the hindering things that cling to men and women in their upward struggle, and, looking unto Jesus, aspiring, reaching toward the prize of the high calling, let them run with patience the race that is set before them. Paul revealed one of the most commanding influences of his life when he set over against the coarseness of those who are concerned only with earthly things, this simple and sublime statement, "For our citizenship is in heaven." The fact that he belonged in the heavenly and the eternal order lifted him and made him increasingly victorious over those lesser and meaner things. Having our citizenship in heaven, seeking the things that are above, where Christ is, should keep the light and joy of eternity in our faces, its music in our hearts.

The Easter Light

By W. P. Lemon

Our Savior Jesus Christ who hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. 2 *Timothy* 1:10.

"The moment the doctrine of immortality is separately taught, man is already fallen." Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"To believe in immortality is one thing, but it is first needful to believe in life." Robert Louis Stevenson.

WHEN Easter and its message become restricted to an isolated date and concerned with an exclusive reference to some historical evidences, it is remote from life and a work-a-day world, and there is a great loss to its appeal. We gain little and lose more, when the resurrection of Jesus becomes a dreary and barren discussion of the "pro" and "con" of future existence. Christianity did not originate the concept of immortality. The hope of ageless life has been nourished by humans of every age and of many stages of thought, and we do not further the good news of the gospel by setting it in contrast to the main stream of affairs.

It is our conviction that the waning and weakening of faith in immortality have been caused by too great an emphasis on the ignoble and sordid elements of humanity, and by too analytical an attitude toward the world of which we are a part. Unless present life is elevated and enlarged; unless we come to see the latent capacities of human nature; unless we attain a high and noble view of qualitative rather than of quantitative distinctions, and unless, in a word, life is of such a nature that we are impressed by the desirability for its extension, we can never recover and maintain

W. P. Lemon

the gospel of a larger and a wider hope. This, as we see it, is essentially the purpose of the Easter message. It is not to create a doctrine of endless life. Rather is it to bring to light the qualities of such that are already here. The best evidence for a future hope is that our present life is insufficient to express the true, the beautiful, and the good, already discovered.

Of what use can Easter be to those who are not convinced that existence itself is worth while? Why offer an extension course to those who do not believe in the course itself? Why build an annex if the house or building itself be in ruins? To read a book like "Middletown," which is a careful examination of a typical American town of some 38,000 inhabitants, made by the Institute of Social Research, is not conducive to faith in immortality. We watch, as a god, this busy industrial community in the six-fold business of getting a living, making homes, training the young, using leisure, attending churches and entering into community activities and we get the idea, as one reviewer says, that they seem afraid of something. It is a study in bewilderment. "Middletown" seems a problem in gaits. Child-training employs the principles of the last century, while advertising up to the minute allures the citizens with the *things* of this day. The courts of law seem inclined to make larger concessions to social responsibility, yet the "getting and spending" is strictly controlled by former views of individualistic blame. The workers operate a twentieth century machine under a laissez-faire policy which goes back to a Victorian age. Women are seen to use the latest domestic appliances in their homes, and yet to be controlled in their marital relationships by ideas of another age. It is as if the citizens of "Middletown" had one foot on solid ground and the other fastened to an escalator, moving in several directions at a variety of speeds. Is there anything in this that would inspire one to think that this should go on forever?

Easter is not a passport to another world; it is a quality of perception for this one. We spoil heaven by painting it with colors foreign to the tints of the life we now live. It will be real to us only as we paint it from the palette of that which now is. Jesus did not depict the eternal as a detached and abstract theory. He bade us find it, if at all, in the world which is the world of all of us.

"As Little Children"

First, he found a qualitative distinction of life in childhood. He insisted that we must become as little children, so that we might find that primitive and uncontaminated glory which belongs to one who is undisturbed with thoughts of death. The greatest light that can be shed on immortality comes not in self-consciousness, but when we are caught off guard, so to speak, in the intensity of life which shows no past and no future. The child that lightly draws its breath, what does it know of death? Here there is eternal rapture of being with the fresh dew of morning, and without a shade of languor or satiety.

Do you recall the exquisite poem of Wordsworth's, "We are Seven"? A little girl, whom the poet met on his travels, described her family. Two she said were at Conway, and two had gone to sea. "But that means only five," replied the poet. "The other two are in the church yard," said the eight-year-old, "but they are only twelve steps from my mother's door. Sometimes I knit my stockings and sit upon the ground and sing to them. At other times I take my porridge and eat my supper at the grave." Then she goes on to tell how Jane departed and how John and she played around the sacred spot until, in the season when snow came, John too was forced to go and join his sister Jane. The visitor again interrupts:

> But they are dead; those two are dead,
> Their spirits are in heaven.
> 'Twas throwing words away, for still
> The little maid would have her will,
> And say, "Nay, we are seven."

Jesus brought to light immortality in youth. When the young man came to him seeking for eternal life,

he did not counsel him to conjure up visions of the after-life. This would have been alien to life at that stage. Rather did he distinguish between things and thoughts, between life as acquisitive and life as fellowship with humans. Jesus sought to unite the mind that splits life into times and seasons and to recover that feeling of immortality which is natural in youth, of which Hazlett speaks in his essay. We all have, at some time, the experience of moments in the eternal silence when we glimpse the timeless and spaceless, but alas, it is broken by some trivial touch, as when we find ourselves cheated of a few cents by an unscrupulous tradesman.

By the very command to leave all that he had and follow him, Jesus revealed values that lie not in the beyond of another life, but in "the beyond that is within." Even as the soldier by his willingness to sacrifice physical existence for his country implies at least tacitly that there are values greater than mere continuity, and even as parental affection, losing all sense of personal advantage for the offspring, declares unconsciously a conviction of the improvability of life, so our Lord, by his sacrifice and by his ministry of healing, confirms us in the conviction that life itself is good and not evil. Man is never abandoned in the gospel of Christ. Forgiveness must be indefinitely extended—"seventy times seven," and the dying prayer of Jesus for those who had crucified him may be interpreted as an indication of the mutability of human nature. He realized eternal life in friendship and love. When we "exchange eyes" and our souls cleave, as did the souls of David and Jonathan, as did Dante with Beatrice, as did Shelley with Keats, Tennyson with Hallam, Milton with King, then we are lifted above the mercenary, sordid, and expedient into the realm of the deathless and the ageless.

Nature Is Alive

Jesus also discovered eternal life in beauty. To him nature was not something dead, to be dissected and analyzed. All the world seemed fragrant with the incense of the divine, and as a sacrament of the everlasting. There was in him a rich sensibility of a living universe. Not a sparrow fell to the ground without the Father; the lilies of the field spake of the divine, even as the grass, which today is and tomorrow is burned as peat, betokens evidence of a gracious care. The earth brought forth fruit of itself, and the grain of wheat died but to live again. Man has always read the significance of the triumph of life over death in the face of the universe, and the very similarity of myths all over the world, among all stages of culture, bears testimony to the ultimate unity of the human mind when it is confronted with the realities of the objective world.

Far be it for the unscientific to disparage the work of science, but scientists themselves are the first to declare that the tax is heavy upon their quantitative and mechanistic treatment of the world. They are increasingly conscious that the former assumption of an objective universe, one and the same for all observers, is no longer tenable. The new science assumes no absolute universe to which all observers can refer. Reality is relative to the individual measurement. As to John Stuart Mill there came a time when logical analysis proved insufficient and even fatal, until he finally bridged the gulf between fact and feeling through Wordsworth's help, so there is coming to science an increased need of supplementing the mechanistic with the values of beauty and truth and goodness. Catch unawares even the skeptical scholar who freely admits that he questions life after death, and there is something about his acts that belies his creed. Devoted to his specialty, he is all oblivious of time. Concentrating upon his fragment of the universe, he seems actually to live eternally.

Man Has Forever!

In this connection, Browning's description of "The Grammarian's Funeral" comes to mind. He describes a man steeped in classical scholarship. An academic recluse he may be. His humanity may have shriveled, and his blood turned to ink. Stooping shoulders mark him off as the burner of midnight oil, but this man of learning, attacked by bronchitis, refuses to rest. He can spend his life in museums and libraries hunting down Greek participles with all the zest of the man after big game in Africa. Finally he dies nameless, unknown save to an appreciative few, and the world deems him a failure, yet he lived not on the installment plan.

> Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes!
> Live now or never!"
> He said, "What's time? Leave now for dogs and apes!
> Man has forever."

Unconsciously does such an one give evidence of eternal life by the very intensity and quality of his living.

A cause of the loss of our faith in immortality is found, we verily believe, not in the hard cold facts of physical science, but rather in those artificial distinctions which have grown up in the relationship of man and man. The industrialism which makes one man an executive, whose great test of ability lies in increased dividends for the stockholders, and the other a "hand," an impersonal instrument, a means to an end; and a social caste which divides the "intelligentsia" from the common herd, the four hundred from the rank and file, the drawing room from the kitchen —these are equally impersonal. Again, there is the great gulf of nationalism which creates barriers in spite of evidence that all the most important agencies producing the modification of the nations are human products and can be altered. Finally, and worst of all, religion can be so construed as to foist upon us bitter prejudices and petty suspicions, and men are made to hate each other for the love-of-God's sake.

The Easter light, then, reveals life itself as not bankrupt. The world contains the immortal in its very reaches, and all the effort to understand it implies eternal worth, even as all the struggle to improve it bears unconscious testimony to a sense of its imperishable value. As a member of our family, subjected to all the limitations of humanity and to all the concen-

trated evils of which man is capable, Jesus has not only survived, but he has transcended them all. We need not revert to any of the difficult features of the physical resurrection such as the tomb-rending, or the masticating of food by a spiritual body. The plain fact is that he has been "justified in the spirit." He endorsed the life that is ours. He interpreted it in such qualitative terms that it is possible to think of life as earning "the wages of going on and not to die." He elevated it, so that we have come to regard "eternal life" not in terms of extension but of quality.

The everlasting is in the sheath of the temporal. The eternal world does not succeed the world of time, but underlies and suffuses it. "Arise, then, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is upon thee." Magnify life and do not disparage it. Let us so discern the enduring values and exemplify them, that of us it may be said, as it was of him, that it was not possible to be holden of death. Thus he becomes our Savior, and because he lives, we shall live also.

The Great Remainder

By Elmer W. Harner

And when they lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only. Matthew 17:8.

THINK of what that experience had meant to the disciples. There were several factors which combined to make it a never-to-be-forgotten moment in their lives. The time: the twilight of the evening when, if ever, men reflect calmly and seriously upon the happenings of the day. The place: on the summit of a mountain where, if anywhere, the thoughts of men are lifted heavenward. The heavenly visitants: Moses the revered lawgiver, and Elijah the mighty prophet, who, if any, would inspire in the minds of the disciples hallowed associations. The conversation: the strange, mysterious recital of the facts regarding the death of Jesus which, if anything, would create wondering contemplation. The vision: a great radiance and glory shining forth from the person of their Lord and Master whom they dearly loved. Who could ever look upon the resplendent Christ and not be profoundly affected by it?

So thrilled were the disciples with the vision, the ecstasy and companionships of those precious moments, that they would have them indefinitely prolonged. They would stay on that fair mountain and keep the heart forever singing in the enjoyment of a peace and happiness which the world knew nothing about. Touched were the chords of the soul. This was at least a foretaste of heaven. Finally Peter broke the silence of those sacred moments and exclaimed: "Lord, it is good for us to be here. If thou wilt, let us build three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elijah."

Obviously that could never be. The law of change is written upon every page of history, every segment of human life, and every particle in the universe. All things change and pass. Presently this scene changes, the vision departs, the saints disappear. The mountains, lately redolent with the atmosphere of heaven, are desolate. For the disciples there would be henceforth only a drab existence. Had they not been bereft of the very things which had enriched them and buoyed up their drooping spirits? To be sure, the unspeakable joys, crowded into a few rare moments, were too quickly passed.

"They Saw Jesus"

But what is left? Ah! that is the essence of every fact, the real in every demonstration, the test of the value of every experience. What is left? Must the disciples bank all upon one changing scene? That is not God's way of dealing with the deepest longings of the soul. More or less affected by the whims and caprices of the world, man must have something real and unchanging to which he may anchor his faith. Now here is the genius and glory of our religion—"When they lifted up their eyes they saw Jesus."

Jesus only! For the favored disciples there had been some subtractions. The words concerning Jesus had ceased. The heavenly visitants had disappeared. The glory of the scene had faded. The soul raptures had subsided. Some prized hopes and anticipations had folded their wings and departed. But, strange as it might have seemed to the dazzled disciples, they were not impoverished by the passing of the vision-moments. Had they not caught a glimpse of the divine? And this Lord and Lover of their souls would abide with them to guide, guard and gladden their pilgrim feet as they trod the dusty highways of earth.

What is left? The Man Christ Jesus! The central, abiding, supremely engaging Figure of history! The Christ of God! Do not all types and prophecies converge in him? "Why are you troubled," says God, "about the departure of Moses and Elijah?" "*This* is my beloved Son—hear ye him." Never were truer words uttered than the immortal couplet of Shelley in his "Adonais":

> The One remains, the many change and pass;
> Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly.

The Unchanging Christ

Jesus Christ stands out unsullied and unchanging amid the changing dignitaries of the ages. The generations are constantly altering their opinions of great men. Some of them are in time pushed off the stage of memory altogether. Plato and Socrates were good men. They loved goodness, truth and beauty. Lincoln has gathered glory with the receding years. His mighty pen acted upon the dictates of a great heart. Luther was fashioned after a noble and generous mould. Liberty and truth were sparks which flew with a vengeance from his hammer. Sun-crowned were these men, and many others whose faith, love, courage, strength and usefulness made the world better for having lived here. But who can not easily

conceive that the time may come when these and kindred benefactors of mankind will be forgotten? Yet Jesus remains and will remain as certainly as he is God. The world cannot forget him and dare not ignore him. The ages will add increasing luster to his name. He will stand out as the growing, towering personality of the ages, undimmed by years, unmarred by criticism, unaffected by the turnings and overturnings of society, unshaken by all the blatant attacks of atheism. Even Moses and Elijah will be remembered because of their proximity to Jesus, not only in time, but also in spirit and in purpose.

The place of Jesus in the world's history is undisputed. He stands alone. No wonder the events of time concenter in him. Forward-looking men, says Dr. Hillis, will ever look to him as "the radiant figure standing in the golden haze where earth and sky do meet." Surely there is only one explanation of the pure, holy, victorious character of Jesus, and it is this: that he was "God manifest in the flesh."

An Enduring Kingdom

Where are the effete civilizations of bygone centuries? Where is glorious Babylon? What of mighty Rome and cultured Greece? Only dust marks the path of the march of their ambitious monarchs. Their thrones have tottered. Their kingdoms have been eclipsed. One by one they have passed like brilliant meteors through the sky and disappeared. Is there such a thing as an enduring kingdom? Yes, thank God, there is. The marvel of the ages is the way the kingdom of the Christ goes on conquering and to conquer. It was this observation which led the exiled Napoleon to say: "Tell me, Bertrand, how you account for the great abyss between my misery and the eternal reign of Jesus. I am forgotten: so it is with Cæsar and Alexander. Our exploits are given to pupils in school who sit in judgment upon us; but behold the destiny of the Christ! His kingdom extends over the whole earth; and there are millions who would die for him."

Now ask Alexander, who longed for more worlds to conquer, what is the secret of an abiding kingdom; he will answer, "That kingdom alone will endure which is built upon love." You cannot deny that. "Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane," but the kingdom of the Christ, born and nurtured and strengthened through love, will last because its loving and reigning Lord continues to breathe his spirit of life, light, power and love into it. Pontius Pilate will be remembered as a cowardly, compromising Roman governor, but the Christ who heard his sentence of doom from Pilate's quivering lips, lives in the hearts of countless men, women and children, while true enlightenment and civilization walk like angels of blessing adown the path of the world's Redeemer. In a little quatrain from "Memory Shelf," Alfred Noyes asks:

> Whence came this prentice carpenter whose voice
> Hath shaken kingdoms down, whose menial gibbet
> Rises triumphant o'er the wreck of empires
> And stretches out its arms amongst the stars?

What changes have been wrought in the systems of thought formulated by man! Many have cut loose from time-honored moorings and drifted out into an ocean of uncertainty and unrest. Think of the way theological structures have been shaken! We wonder sometimes what precious foundation of faith will next be assailed. As for me, I do not look upon the creeds of Christendom as mere scraps of paper. I believe in doctrine. There is need of pillars of steel in any beautiful and lasting edifice of Christian faith. Yet changes in religious thinking are inevitable. By all means, if

ELMER W. HARNER

the accent is on the wrong syllable of a word, put it where it belongs. It is not surprising that the emphases in religious systems are sometimes shifted. But it does have a most disconcerting and even distressing effect upon many Christian believers. Because the church has ceased to emphasize one or two cherished beliefs they assume that the whole structure of faith will also pass away. What is perhaps more likely is this, as Dr. Robert Coyle has well said, that, "instead of building upon the Rock, far too many have built upon the traditional material that has been superimposed upon it."

But amid all the intellectual unrest, changing theological systems and shifting accents, we are constrained to ask, "Is there a *sure* resting place for faith?" I would be greatly disturbed if I didn't believe that. Yes, there is a Rock more impregnable than Gibraltar. Let systems totter, I know that the throbbing Heart of Christianity remains the same "yesterday, today and forever." The blessed Son of the Eternal God will be forever followed, worshiped, and adored. We put

our trust in him. We will cling to Christ, whatever else may go, realizing the force of Tennyson's words:

> Our little systems have their day—
> They have their day and cease to be;
> They are but broken lights of thee,
> And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

The Unfailing Presence

I like to think that Jesus Christ abides when the things in which we have formerly trusted and have been delighted with have vanished. He remains when every other support and inspiration fails. Perhaps the disciples felt that the very pillars of their edifice of faith and happiness had been swept away. But when some props go it is that we may rest more securely upon Jesus. Have we read the finer meaning of some of life's subtractions? Health, wealth, friends, fame, happiness: all of these may some day be removed from us. That will be a blessed day for us, if, when these fail, we rest our faith more firmly upon the eternal Christ. The years are bound to rob us of strength, prized treasures and finally life itself, but we are richer if it leads us into an ever-enlarging experience of the love and grace of God.

There are times when Jesus Christ is more real to us than anyone or anything else in the world. Again we are hardly conscious of his presence. But in the very moment when we lose the sense of his nearness, Jesus is here. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." With sublime confidence we can say:

> Speak to him, thou, for he hears,
> And spirit with spirit can meet;
> Closer is he than breathing,
> And nearer than hands and feet.

But I hear someone say, "Jesus Christ is no longer real to me. There was a time when he was the bright and morning star of my life. When I was discouraged, he heartened me; when I was lonely, he walked the rugged road with me; when I was in trouble, he ministered unto me. Now I have lost the sense of his presence." I answer: *the same Christ is here.* When the darkness comes, either due to night's shadows or to the mists of doubt which roll over the soul and becloud the vision, still he is here. What he has meant to you before, he will mean to you again, if you will. Only find the key of faith which you have allowed to slip through your fingers and roll away. Look up! When the disciples lifted up their eyes, they saw Jesus. He was there! Know this: Jesus is waiting to speak the same great message of salvation, peace and comfort which one day warmed your heart and gave you "joy in believing."

Dr. T. R. Glover says: "The gospels are not four, but ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and the last word of every one of them is this: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'" The fact of Christ's abiding presence is the one satisfying and steadying power in the Christian life. It is the ground of confidence and joy, the incentive to adventure, the challenge to "keep on keeping on" in the way of righteousness and truth. Our springs of faith, love, hope, strength and endurance are in the living Christ. Therefore, we will not fear the changes, vicissitudes, adversities and losses of life, for he is here to turn our weakness into strength, our trembling into courage, our losses into gains. He will bring us calm, confidence and courage amid the varied experiences of life.

In this sublime consciousness, I will be strong and of good courage. I will not give up. Nor will I turn back because of the things that rise up against me. Coleridge said of the Bible: "It finds us." I will say of Jesus Christ: "He finds *me.* He knows my needs and will meet them." This divine presence will enable me to say with William Knibb, at the close of life's voyage: "It is all right; all is well." As one has well said: "If you and I have him for our very own, then we do not need to fear change, for change will be progress; nor loss, for loss will be gain; nor the storms of life, which will drive us to his breast; nor the solitude of death, for our Shepherd will be with us there."

The One remains! Thank God for the Great Remainder!

Assuredly we will center our hopes in the Christ and continue to sing the hymn which has inspired millions of souls:

> Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
> Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
> Change and decay in all around I see;
> O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

A Day With Christ

By Bruce S. Wright

Ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of man. Luke 17:22.

HAVE you ever tried to picture a single day in the life of our Lord? Do you wish you could walk with him along the paths of Palestine between sunrise and sunset? Others have had the same desire. Luke records that "ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of man." Then he adds, with a touch of the dramatic and tragic, "and ye shall not see it."

There are other days I should like to see, but cannot. I should like to have a day, a full day, with my mother. My mother died when she was a young woman. The earliest recollection I have of anybody or anything is of my mother. I cannot think of any person, of any event, of any day that antedates one day of my early recollection. How far back does memory go? I suppose it is different with different people. This particular memory of which I speak must have been when I was about three years old. This first day that I recall was a day of sunshine. It must have been in the summer, for the door was open. My first recollection is this picture of my mother standing before me with a broom in her hand, seeking the dustpan.

Where was the dustpan? Well, I had it. At least it was attached to me or I was attached to it. Hunting for something to play with (toys were not as plentiful then as now) I came across the dustpan. "This will make a good wagon," was my thought. Soon I found a string, tied the string to the handle of the dustpan and began pulling it about the house, having a perfectly lovely time. Meanwhile my mother was sweeping and needed the dustpan. When she found the object of her search and the use to which it was being put she did not scold. She sat down in a chair by the open door and smiled. It seems now as I think about it that she sat there a long time, with the broom in her hand, and I stood before her, holding the string, at the other end my dustpan-wagon. Thus she sat and I stood until someone from the outside summoned her. That is my earliest recollection. Nothing in my memory reaches back beyond that day and incident. I would like to see that day again, or any day in the life of my mother.

A Day with a Great Bishop

I once spent a day with the late Bishop Charles Henry Brent. It was in the Philippine Islands. The "Manse," my home as pastor of the American Union Church of Manila, was only three blocks from Bishop Brent's home. I saw him on many days, but one day in particular I remember. He invited me for lunch and asked me to come early. We sat on the wide porch of his residence and visited. His subjects of conversation were always worthwhile, never trivial. Fifteen minutes before lunch we went into his house-chapel, a perfectly appointed room of worship directly off the central hall. The chapel would seat perhaps two dozen. Guests invited to his home for midday lunch knew always that the invitation included the moments of prayer and worship in the little chapel. So there we knelt, only four of us that day, while Bishop Brent prayed. It was in the early days of the world war and his prayers held that especially in mind. The prayers were for peace, justice, righteousness. It was a memorable day and I would like to see another day in the life of Bishop Brent.

Most of all I should like to see a day of the Son of man. Luke says we may desire it, but cannot see it. And yet, the very thing he denied is granted. The records of the New Testament are so complete, so full and frank, that we are able to reconstruct a day in the life of the Son of man. What a privilege to have a day with Christ!

The morning of a day with Christ would be marked by a zest for life. Christ was young. That makes a difference. One has a greater zest for life at thirty than at sixty. Yet had Jesus lived in the flesh until sixty I think he would have manifested the same zest for life. I cannot imagine Jesus waking any morning and looking out upon a drab, colorless and uninteresting world. The world was interesting. Or if it was not so he made it so. The world *is* interesting. Even the weather is interesting. We talk a great deal about the weather. How many times a day do we remark, "Nice day, today!" or, "Miserable day, today; what weather we are having!" Is it because we have no other topic of conversation that we wear the weather subject threadbare? No, weather is interesting. Any sort of weather is interesting. People are interesting. Have you ever heard the remark, "How dull and uninteresting it is to ride downtown in the street car at the rush hour and look at all the different people, just ordinary people, crowding the car! I get so tired of it!" Why, could anything be more interesting than a car full of people! The public park, with its wide stretch of trees and lawn, is a fascinating place. But it cannot compare, in fascinating power, with the congested downtown at the thronged peak hour, when people are elbowing their way along the street. Everything about the world is interesting. It is the eyes we look through, not what we look at, that determine our zest for life.

Bruce S. Wright

A Young Man Visits Jesus

One day a young man came to Jesus, inquiring the way to eternal life. I think it was in the morning he came. Jesus' answer was to keep the commandments. The young man replied that he had kept them. That was worth much. How many men can say that today? But Jesus, looking into the young man's heart, saw an idol there. He said to the young man, "Go, sell your goods, and give to the poor; then come, follow me." The inquirer turned away sorrowful. What was the matter? He had lost his zest for life. Zest for life does not depend upon age or health. To the very end Robert Louis Stevenson retained his zest for life. And his life was one long, weary struggle with ill health. He seldom saw a well day. From youth his daily

comrade was pain. His zest for life is revealed in the perfect morning prayer he left us:

> The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of ~~speech~~ grace.

The noontide of our day with Christ will be marked by a desire to help and heal people. Jesus did not go about asking, "Will you do this for me?" His question was, "What can I do for you?" This should be the attitude of the church. We spend too much time and energy devising ways and means to keep the church alive and not enough to keep the community alive. Too often we locate a church after a survey in which the chief question has been, "Is this a good community in which to locate a church; are the people who live here the type of people who will support a church?" I cannot imagine Christ starting out to locate a church with any such series of questions in mind. His questions would be, "How about the people in this community? Do they need a church? What sort of church do they need? Jesus' justifiable denouncement of the religion of his day was that it was a religion of harsh institutionalism rather than of human interest. It was chiefly concerned with keeping alive the institution instead of serving the people. The synagogue of Jesus' day cared a whole lot about collecting the tithe of anise, mint and cummin, but little about justice, mercy and righteousness. It was taken up with ceremony and show, and had no concern about people, poverty and pain.

Jesus' Interest in People

Dr. Merton Rice of Detroit has a fascinating lecture on "Junk." He begins with the statement, "The most foolish man I ever knew was a man in my boyhood town in Kansas who came around and paid money for bones." The lecturer takes that bone, figuratively speaking, and with the bone all manner of junk, old iron, rags, refuse, which by the marvelous alchemy of chemistry may be transformed into useful materials and returned in service to our homes and tables. Junk materials, junk time and junk people are thus salvaged. This was Jesus' paramount interest, salvaging human life. Forty years ago Bishop William Taylor, turned loose on the continent of Africa, found one day in the dark interior an abandoned baby girl, child of cannibal parents. He picked her up from the tall grass, carried her to his tent, then to the mission station, where he provided for her care and education. A few years later, returning to the United States to attend the general conference of his church, he stood before that vast assemblage, held this little black girl on the palm of his great hand and said, "Brethren, the continent of Africa greets you." Years pass. Another general conference is in assembly. The evening for the consideration of Africa arrives. A little black woman stands on the platform to plead for her continent. Who is she? Graduate of college, having taken highest honors in her class in university, she is the baby girl, child of generations of cannibals, picked from the tall grass by Bishop Taylor. Salvaged humanity. That was Jesus' supreme business. Anyone who would spend a day with Christ must pass the noontide in helping and healing people.

Seeing a day in the life of the Son of man, we come to evening, and we find the evening of that day marked by an absolute confidence in God the Father. The Father is all resourceful, all powerful, is adequate for every demand which Christ may make upon him. Christ is loving because God is love.

Seth Parker of Jonesport says some very fine things. Some things that are plain and quite ordinary, yet helpful withal. He tells of getting into his buggy one day and driving to the harbor. It was a bright summer day, the fields fragrant with the smell of newmown hay. He dropped the reins over the dashboard and let the horse jog along. Passing a particularly fragrant field he spoke to the horse and stopped, that

An Easter Prayer

By George Craig Stewart

O GOD, who givest to us the yearly remembrance of the resurrection of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, who by His death hath destroyed death and by His rising to life again hath restored to us everlasting life:

Grant to us all, we beseech Thee, that our hearts being filled with gladness and our lips with songs of joy, we may keep the feast with high and holy worship as those who are risen in Christ and who walk in newness of life.

Give to us such swift recognition of His Presence as came to Mary in the Garden, such sense of sweet companionship as came to those going to Emmaus, such quiet revelation of his comprehending love as came to the disciples in the Upper Room at the close of Easter Day.

And grant to us so to die daily from sin that we may evermore live with Him in the joy of His resurrection, who now livest and reignest with Thee in the Unity of the Holy Ghost, one God world without end.

Amen.

he might more effectively drink in the entire scene. In the stillness he thought he heard a voice. Sure enough, a child's voice was repeating, "a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h," right through the alphabet. He climbed down from the buggy, followed the voice until he came to a hay mow, beside which knelt a little girl about seven years of age, her hands folded, saying her letters. "My sakes," said Seth Parker, "somethin' must be the matter, what's ailin' you?" "I'm lost." "Pshaw now, you ain't lost, I've come to take you home." "I knew you would, I've been praying you would come." "Was that praying?" asked Seth Parker, "I only heard you saying over your alphabet." "Well," said the child, "that's the way I sometimes pray. You see, I am only a little girl, I say over my letters and let the Lord put them together the way he wants to. He knows how to put them together better than I do."

Now, I consider that in this instance there is soundness in Seth Parker's theology. Stated in his homely way, it is this: "What a wonderful thing it would be if, instead of telling the Lord what to do, asking him to do this and to do that, we should just tell him we were placing our trust in him, just giving him the letters of the alphabet to do with as he pleased." Jesus' day was marked by absolute trust in the Father. "The Father and I are one," was his statement. This complete oneness with the Father, this final reliance upon the Father, he sought to pass on to his disciples, that they might be conscious of the same relationship, girded with the same power.

We desire not only to see a day of the Son of man, but to make all our days, every day, a day with Christ. Every day marked, as his days were, by a zest for life, by an attitude that helped and healed people, by a great trust in the heavenly Father. The sunrise of such days will be gladness, their sunset joy.

The Risen Life

By Henry M. Edmonds

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above. Colossians 3:1.

NOBODY doubts the power of Paul's wings to transport him into the heavenlies. His imagination did not hesitate at the gates of the farthest ether. Mystic flights were commonplaces to his strong pinions. The company of the sun had no terror for his eagle heart. The more remarkable then to watch him in the flight which he takes in the third chapter of his letter to the Colossians. "If ye then be risen with Christ" . . . ah, he is off. He leaves the ground. He clears the trees and heads into the pathways of the sky. Now the universe lies open before him. He will defeat our gaze, our poor imaginations will grow footsore and weary trying to follow him among the stars. He will leave us far behind, spent with the going, as he explores the haunts of the cherubim and seraphim, as he treads his way among the blue abysses of the empyrean. If we dare to follow him we shall be carried through the gates and into the City of God. We shall be caught up into the seventh heaven.

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But we find to our amazement that *the risen life of which he speaks moves in lowly places and among lowly things.* For he no sooner heads outward toward the morning star than he is again right where we live, among the ordinary things that compose the daily grind. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above."

"What are those high things, Paul? Show them to me—but I shade my eyes lest they blind me. Tell them to me—but I stop my ears lest the drums too mightily vibrate. What are those high things? What are those things of the risen life?"

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." And from that height he executes a spiral down to the place where we live. We are disappointed. We thought we had embarked for silver strands, for crystal healing rivers, for winged contemplation and mystical escape, for the company of the redeemed and the presence of the eternal God. And here he is in our house, in our offices and among our relationships. In our houses, with the everyday irritations and monotonies, the pale adventures and the poor futilities; in our offices, with their conflicting interests, their sordidness, their fight between income and outgo, their machinery always a little out of adjustment, their panic fears; among our domestic relationships—husbands and wives, parents and children.

We had hoped to get away from all these things, these things of the everyday. And here comes our trusted pilot of the sky plump down among them again.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." But remember this, that the risen life moves in lowly places and among lowly things. Yes, the risen life moves in the ordinary habitats, among the ordinary tasks, the ordinary activities, the ordinary relationships of life. If it be not there, it is not anywhere. If it be not there victorious, it is not anywhere victorious.

The Machine Age

For further example: we have invented of recent years another proper name. In the last century a monster has invaded our agrarian simplicity; he is so great and means so much to all of us that we spell his name with a capital. Some say that he must be slain or at least imprisoned, or the serenity and sanctity of our lives are gone forever. Some of the prophets of the modern era tell us that he is killing individuality by standardization, that he is strangling beauty by mass production, that he is starving children by driving men out of employment, that he is bringing slavery back by re-instating kings, that he is bringing in a vaster slavery by enthroning more and stronger despots than ever before. It is the Machine. We are living in a machine age, in *the* machine age, for it is the greatest and in some respects the first. We called the machine into being and now, instead of our driving it, it is driving us

and will drive us to our death—they say. Humanity will die in its effort to fill the insatiable maw of the servant that has now become master.

Things Seen and Unseen

I do not credit their extreme statements, though I confess that, so far as the present is concerned, they have a measure of truth and that the future does hold peril. It is the old contest come again between the things that are seen and the things that are unseen. The things that are seen can not be destroyed. They must be mastered. We can not go back. We must go

HENRY M. EDMONDS

through. The machine has come to stay. It seems to me the farthest reach of poetic fatuity to dream of any other thing. Stanley Jones has an expression, "the evangelization of the inevitable." The question is, Can the Machine be evangelized? Can the Machine be baptized? I think it can and I know it must.

The risen life moves among lowly things—among things that are so opaquely and heavily material that the very existence of that risen life is desperately imperiled. But in this case the risen life moves among things that represent so much power that if they are mastered, some new phases of the kingdom of God shall appear among men.

The risen life has been rather vigorous in times past. It has not been a hothouse growth. Immaterial it has been, slender, graceful, but far from fragile. It has had in it the hardiness of the aspiring seed, that turns aside the clod and bursts the rock asunder. "Pilate, what do you represent?" "I represent the Eternal City—the strength of her laws, the might of her organization, the force of her triremes, the iron tramp of her armies." "Christ, what do you represent?" "I represent the risen life." Ah, Paul, attacking that ancient world, they will thrust you to one side—will they not?—for you represent nothing but the risen life. Ah, little band of Pilgrims, going forth to build America, they will thrust you to one side—will they not?—for you represent nothing but the risen life.

The risen life came into contact with another machine age, when in 325 A. D. Constantine adopted Christianity and made it the religion of the Roman empire. Those were difficult days for the aspiring seed, but the stone was burst asunder. The machine as it then existed was blasted. The risen life fled away from that tottering structure and began to move among its golden candlesticks in other temples. Always machinery but always the risen life mastering it. That is our problem today.

How the Risen Life Transmutes

The risen life moves among lowly things—like money. Again no new problem, but upon us once more and this time with redoubled intricacy and insistence, it seems. Never before so much money and therefore never before so much peril. The risen life moves along the hills in April and the beauty of bloom gladdens the morning. The risen life broods over stone and yearns up cathedrals. It touches pigments and oils and the faces of madonnas begin their eternal vigil. It breathes through the instruments of music and the air vibrates with deathless melodies. There is another instrument for the risen life to touch, other colors for it to blend, other material for it to erect into temples (cathedralize)—another art to bless the world and praise the Eternal God, the art of using money. Money is a peril, but an opportunity. What new beauty will the risen life be able to evoke from it?

The risen life moves among lowly things—like the machine, like money, like the lack of money, like deprivation, like pain. These things, *sub specie æternitatis*—these things, looked at from the point of view of eternity, do not become small. They become rather the glistening material out of which the Lord God builds the New Jerusalem. In the alembic of his long magical processes he converts the refuse from our streets into rubies and emeralds. He sends down his gleaming messengers and gathers up the waste water on the doorstep to weave a rainbow for his sky. Alfred Russell Wallace insisted that all the glories of the morning and evening heavens are from bits of floating dust. Lowly things, lowly things, lowly things like pain. Tears are the lenses which break up white light into all the colors of the spectrum. The risen life takes the sigh and out of it builds the song. There is no great song that does not hold a sigh imprisoned.

The risen life moves in lowly places, like our houses, our offices and our relationships; and among lowly things, like the wheels of our modern life, like money, like deprivation and pain. The risen life masters and exalts circumstances. The risen life is superior to things, and not only superior to things, but is the Artist by whom things are wrought into the pattern of the eternal and infinite beauty.

II

The reason why the risen life has this magic power is *it is within and of the soul.* The risen life consists in character, if that word is used broadly enough. And character is the master and the molder of things. We come upon very homely matters here again in this third chapter of Colossians. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above"—and from that height he comes back again to where we live, every day. Those things which are above in human character. There are negatives among them, ugly negatives, things to avoid, things that are alien to the risen life—uncleanness, shameful speaking out of our mouths, lying. There are positions among them, beautiful positions, things to cherish, things that are of the essence of the risen life—meekness, forgiveness, peace, thankfulness, the habit of prayer, love. These qualities represent character, and character is independent of things—nay, better: character is the master and molder of things. Character is set to reform and redeem a world of inert, unwilling and even inimical things, gathering them to itself and building on them whether or no, fashioning wings out of clay, beauty out of ashes, food out of poison.

Unredeemed character would be miserable in the King's Country, more miserable in the King's City and most miserable in the King's presence. What could be more embarrassing, more humiliating for pettiness, meanness, selfishness, than to be brought before the face of God? "Where I am is hell," said Milton's Satan. On the contrary, shall that character—in which abide meekness, forgiveness, peace, thankfulness, prayerfulness, love—shall that character be the sport of circumstances, the plaything of surroundings? Nay, verily. "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased and I know how to abound."

The Fellowship of Souls

The risen life is within and of the soul. But the soul is a part of the Fellowship of Souls which Jesus came to form, which he took such pains to hold together and which he died to perpetuate. The emergence of the "fellowship" was the miracle of Pentecost. The earliest communion was probably a symbol of the fellowship. It was to Paul the mystery of godliness that a fellowship was possible out of Jews and Gentiles. He doesn't fail to mention it in this third chapter of Colossians—"Neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." Wonderful to Paul that such should have been possible, and he sees the individual soul in its relation to that full and fair unity. We do not live alone. We live to all the world, but that is outward. But we live particularly to the body of Christ, and that is inward toward the source of supplies.

The hand or the eye has meaning, utility, beauty and life only as a part of the body. The petal borrows its significance from the rose; the axle or the steering gear from the machine of which it is a part; the single stone from the completed cathedral. Our structure within the fellowship is cellular, but no cell stands alone. The risen life is within and of the soul, but no soul will ever show its full meaning, utility, beauty and life, except in relation to the Fellowship of Souls.

You do not wonder with this view of the matter why he prayed on that last night: "Father, I pray that those whom thou hast given me may be one"—no hand or foot lopped off, no eye and ear at variance. We begin to understand why he said: "As I lay down my life, even so ought ye to lay down your lives for the brethren"—for the fellowship, in which you truly live, in which the risen life is supremely manifested.

Let us go back. The risen life moves in lowly places and among lowly things, exalting, mastering, molding. For the risen life is within and of the soul, as the soul itself is within and of the fellowship.

III

Now, finally: *the risen life is Christ in us, the victory that overcometh the world and the hope of glory.*

The secret of the undefeated soul is Christ. At the heart of character he turns this way and that, foiling all enemies. He is the panoply, he is the sword. He is the secret inner life, the life of the individual soul, the life of the fellowship; the life of the cell, the life of the organism. And as Christ in us is undefeated by all other circumstances, so is he by time.

We feel that he is imperishable and if he is in us we are imperishable. If he is the beating heart within each of us and within all of us, we live forever. If he is the heart of the fellowship communicating his life to all the parts, we and the fellowship never die. The fellowship abides, one foot on earth, one foot in heaven. I think of it rather as flowers that reproduce themselves by a mysterious communication and commonalty of life, one cluster on earth, one cluster in heaven. Life goes up and down in its ebb and flow, the face of the world changes, the fellowship abides, and we abide. "I am the vine, ye are the branches. If ye abide in me"—joy, peace, life, abundant and forever. Christ in us, therefore a strong pulsing of inner and inextinguishable life, unless we tear him out or go away from him.

Our immortality, begun here and continued before the unveiled face of God, is not a matter of status or of fulfilling certain external conditions or of being in a certain location, but means simply the possession of the indwelling Christ. The immortal frame of mind is the quiet breathing of his spiritual presence. Our assurance of immortality does not rest upon some word that has been said or some promise that has been given or some argument that has been advanced, but upon a living vital experience of the indwelling Christ.

Christ Dwells in Us, We in Him

And according to the experience of Paul and of all other great believers, it is much more than an indwelling Christ. We cease to live and he begins. He not only takes up his residence in us. He preempts our life. "It is no longer I that live but Christ liveth in me," was the man's experience. It is something like this that he is trying to express when he speaks of being made conformable to Christ's death, of dying with him that he might rise with him.

This is not an isolated experience. The history of sacrifice, of monasticism, of asceticism in its whole, wide and various manifestations, the eagerness of martyrs, much of warfare, chivalry, occasional flashes from the heart of youth, recollections of the strange lights that played about our own youth—all these remind us that one of the oldest and deepest passions of human life is to die to ourselves. I suppose the final disillusionment is that the chance to die has been let slip and that after all there isn't anything big enough to die for.

Entering Christ, we leave ourselves at the door as orientals leave their sandals, or better still, as the chambered nautilus leaves its dead shell by the side of the sea. And yet, strangely enough, we do not leave ourselves at all but find ourselves. We are dead and yet only now do we truly live. We are dead, and forth from us steals the new life as spring from winter; dead, as the seeds are dead which give birth to new flowers; as the chrysalis is dead, which is lost in the iridescence of the butterfly's new wings. Dead, and never yet our real selves until so dead, like flowers dying in the sun and being rescued from the formless blur they were in the dark to the separate splendor of each hollyhock and iris and lily and rose.

Dead to Christ, we become alive and therefore victorious in the ordinary passages of life and able to trample under foot even the last enemy, which is death.

America's Choice

By James E. Freeman

Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ. Galatians 2:6.

THE spirit of adventure is characteristic of human nature. We are ever projecting ourselves into new scenes; we are ever seeking for new worlds to conquer. The whole progress of the race has been registered by those who dared to set forth on uncharted seas in the quest for new continents wherein their genius might find its fullest and freest expression. The laboratory has been the chosen place in which has been unfolded to the vision of the bold adventurer new and wondrous mechanisms that have proved of lasting benefit to their fellows. The man of vision has ever been the pioneer, and the pioneer has blazed new trails that have ultimately become highways over which the race has attained access to broader fields of useful and extended service.

To assume for a moment that the last frontier has been attained, and that man is incapable of reaching through study and experiment a more advanced position, is to assume that the period of stagnation has set in. When we cease to have the spirit of adventure, when we cease to look forward with assurance to larger fields of occupation and human service, we have begun the process of decline and decay.

The past year has disclosed to our vision conditions that were far from favorable or satisfactory. It was a year characterized by unrest, economic instability, impaired confidence and a universal concern for the security of the treasured things of our so-called Christian civilization. These conditions were by no means local, but general. They followed upon a period that had been characterized by such advance and such prosperity as the world had never before known. Here, in favored America, we had almost come to feel that there could be no check to our growth along industrial lines, and that our whole economic structure was so securely builded that nothing could impair it or hinder its fuller and freer development. For the while the spirit of adventure suffered a blow that arrested it in its course. As we survey the whole situation we are compelled to acknowledge that the period of our most marked growth and enrichment disclosed no corresponding growth in spiritual vision or in the attainment of the higher and more permanent values of life.

Old Landmarks

In the extraordinary haste that marked our progress along material lines we felt we were no longer compelled to follow the old landmarks that hitherto had guided our course. We were living in a new world in which the traditions, conventions and experiences of other periods were valueless and meaningless. For the while we had ceased to profit by what had gone before. We would attempt to build a newer and better civilization than the world had ever known, a civilization in which mechanisms, wonderfully conceived, should transcend the skill and craftsmanship of the worker and the artisan. It was to be an age where steel and machinery were to hold the dominant place in the economy of life. With them there could be no limit to our growth, our ingenuity and our prosperity.

Our American cities in particular became more fascinating and more marvelous than man in his most exalted moments had ever dared to dream of. There seemed to be no end to his accomplishment and attainment. He had become the master of earth and sea and air. It was an age in which the worth of things material had its supremest expression. Every science, every art, every expression of man's genius had outreached the fabulous conceptions of the dreamers of the past. Things that were once luxuries became commonplace and every new day added to the comfort and convenience of life. Even the healing arts had grown apace and maladies that hitherto had proved incurable yielded to the formula of the laboratory. What a world it was! What an age in which to live! More golden and more precious than the age of Pericles!

In this stupendous development America occupied a place of commanding influence and power; before her creative genius the world stood amazed. The spirit of adventure had within a century and a half brought a few impoverished colonies to an estate so vast and resourceful that there was no standard with which to measure its achievement.

Into such a situation that words are inadequate to describe there entered a new spirit. Suddenly, and without warning, our progress was checked and our

advance in prosperity sustained a blow from which, as yet, we have not recovered. For self-confidence and assurance a fear complex seized us, and for the while our whole economic system sustained a form of paralysis. The diagnosticians have been busy seeking to discover the causes and to apply the remedies, and while America, with its customary buoyancy of spirit, has survived even while its material values have seriously declined, no one as yet has suggested a cure that has proved infallible and permanent. We have been raising large sums to aid in relieving the unemployment situation. We have set forward public works and road building in the hope that these would restore confidence and dispel the fear complex. As palliatives these doubtless have served the purpose for which they were designed. At least these remedial measures have provoked a spirit of generosity and inspired in us a finer sense of our communal responsibility. For these things we thank God, and take fresh courage.

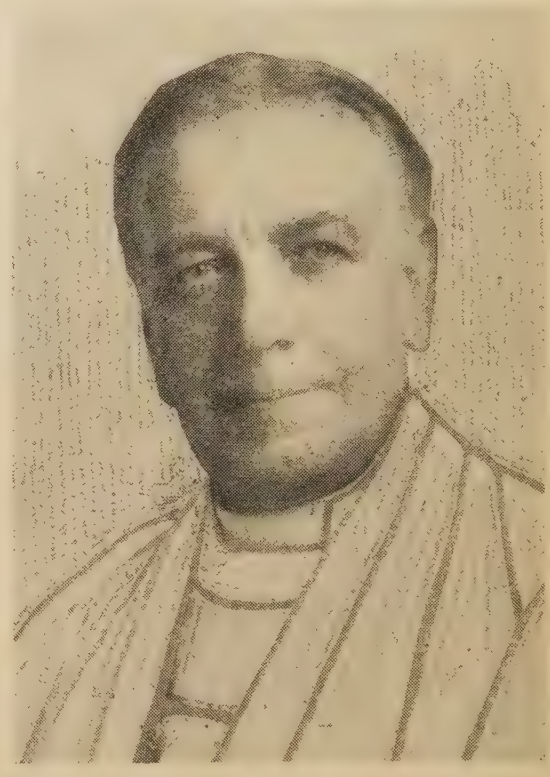
One of the curious anomalies about the present situation is that within the confines of our own great land we have the same resources, the same capacities for consumption, the same insatiable demands for the necessities and luxuries of life that we have known for a decade past. True, our export trade has been seriously affected by the unsettled conditions in Europe and the near and far east. The place that machinery occupies in the whole complex problem is doubtless a conspicuous one, and it will compel us to make new adjustments in our whole economic scheme. One thing is certain whether we will it or not, namely, that we must shape our whole future with a view to the place that all these modern agencies and mechanisms occupy in the economy of our life. The world will go on, the fixed characteristics of human nature will assert themselves, and problems will multiply as life grows more complex and populations become more concentrated and more dense. At times we are bewildered and made fearful by the variety and greatness of the problems that confront us.

Sailing Westward

In spite of a mutinous crew, the great discoverer, Columbus, wrote daily in his log: "Today we sailed westward." In face of impending disaster to his army, as it traversed the snow clad mountain passes, the undaunted leader of France declared: "There shall be no Alps."

America today and, indeed, all the countries of the old world are confronted with a widespread unemployment situation. How to set every man to his task and to make that task remunerative, sufficiently so to guarantee to him security from want and the ills that attend old age, is the immediate and most conspicuous of our many problems. Employment is not only gainful, it is a mighty factor in building up and maintaining the morale of a people. Nothing contributes more to the development of the baser things of our nature than an excess of idleness. Many of the evils that afflict us in our corporate life grow out of periods of inaction.

Basically, our situation resembles that of an army where morale is at low ebb, where indecision and inaction result in stagnation and a halted advance. The whole tone of life for the while is lowered and we are in a period of watchful and painful waiting. It will take more than well-wishing or boasted self-confidence to set us on our way again. A flippant attitude towards those deep principles that are indispensable to our well-being, or a selfish unconcern for the ills of others, may issue in disasters that shall shake our boasted security to its foundations. They are imperiling the things that concern them most, who are disregarding signs that have an ominous import. Individual conceits are valueless and dangerous when we are dealing with conditions that seriously affect the body corporate. The



James E. Freeman

application of this is as much to the individual as to society as a whole.

We of America have disclosed at times a spirit of optimism hardly warranted by actual conditions. While we have regarded critically the rapid changes in other parts of the world, we have assumed that ours was a situation utterly unique; we were immune to the ills that plagued other peoples. We assumed that we possessed an infallible remedy for every ill.

A query, addressed to a group of distinguished leaders, "What is the best thing that can happen in 1931?" elicited a chorus in response: "A return to normal business conditions with restored confidence and prosperity." No one could wish aught else, but have we the assurance to believe that this is the one supreme attainment that will effect what most we desire? Are there no other elements that are indispensable to such a happy consummation? Are there no higher ends of being than those that serve our physical, mental and æsthetic needs? Will a remunerative job for every

man and woman, with shortened hours of toil and increased hours of leisure, guarantee to us a form of civilization productive of the best and most enduring values in individual and corporate life? We do not, in our soberer moments, believe it.

There are within us appetities and yearnings that prosperity at its best cannot and will not satisfy. Our so-called prosperous years, when we have attained all that we could desire, have been marked by restlessness and a passion for that which added luxuries could not satisfy. Increased wealth gives no evidence of increased contentment, peace and repose. Youth is not rendered either strong or stable by excess of indulgences. As a matter of fact, not for generations past has our youth shown a greater restlessness of spirit than in this present hour.

Strained to the utmost, the young men of England bearing the stern hardships of camp and trench wrung from the lips of a critical observer the proud admission: "Our sons have shown us God." We will not believe that in the restoration of economic conditions that know no hindrances or impediments we shall have a satisfied and contented social order.

Progress Without Religion?

Many experiments are on foot today to effect these ends. Probably the most notable one is in process in a nation not so far remote as to be beyond the pale of our observation. As we understand its designs and purposes they run counter to all our most cherished ideals and institutions. It is the very antithesis of all that we hold as indispensable to the institutions we have so laboriously set up. It gives no place to individual initiative, it sets no store by ethical, moral and spiritual standards. Its propaganda is worldwide and characterized by strange persistence and zeal. The measure of its influence is yet to be reckoned with. It constitutes in itself a program of stupendous proportions. We boast of our western civilization, but the east still waits to witness the justification of our proud claims. We are industrially and socially minded as no nation before us has been. We are firmly resolved to carry on and our extraordinary genius and persistence will doubtless enable us to do so, at least for some time to come; but dare we in this critical period of changed and changing conditions fail to reckon with the place that a practiced religion occupies in the complex scheme of things?

I speak of religion in no limited or restricted sense, but in its large and comprehensive scope, for it has become increasingly clear that religion is more than can be expressed in party passwords and shibboleths. Religion is a deep, fundamental rule of life that bears vitally upon the large concerns of our social, economic and political institutions. It may express itself in terms of worship, but it is more than this; it is the recognition of God in the affairs of men, the recognition of those high and holy principles governing human relationships as given to mankind by Jesus Christ. As we conceive it, it is the practical application of these principles to human conduct. The cynic tells us we cannot mix business and religion, that they bear no relation to each other. We answer that either we will Christianize industry or industry will ultimately paganize America. We do not believe we are expressing the mind of the cleric, but rather that of the most far-seeing and truly progressive leaders of our time, when we affirm that an ethical, moral and spiritual basis of life is fundamental and indispensable to the re-establishment of peace, contentment and prosperity. We can readily make choice today of that which the Russian experiment boldly sets forth, in which religion plays no part, or we can begin afresh to build our institutions on those stable and sure footings that were laid by the Fathers of the Republic.

The Church and Today

We have made the practice of religion a matter of convenience, we have conceived of the church as playing its small part in the economy of our life, lending to it a certain touch of æsthetic charm and beauty. We have divorced our religious beliefs from our daily habits and occupations. In the main, what we have professed in the way of religious conviction has been remotely, if at all, related to our domestic, social and economic concerns. We have been told to "bear one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ," but our burden bearing has been lightly assumed and grudgingly accepted. Only where grave calamities or crisis were impending have we ascended our spiritual mount of vision. The lofty spires and towers of our churches that were once landmarks have been blotted out by the still loftier temples of industry and commerce, symbolic of our new faith in man's power and genius.

In all that we are saying we are reckoning at its full value the seriousness and gravity of the present situation. We are not unmindful of the widespread suffering incident to extensive unemployment. We fully realize that to restore our economic order, and to effect a program for the future that shall save us from a repetition of the ills we have experienced, calls for the finest skill and wisdom at our command. What we are urging is founded in the experience of the past. If we are unwilling to admit that our form of civilization is a failure, then let us remember, however imperfectly we may have expressed or realized it, that it is founded on Christian ideals.

We have built up a civilization the postulate of which is that God rules in the affairs of men, that the Christian rule of life is fundamental to our highest and fullest development. Are we to abandon all this because a few modern philosophers who give us nothing in its stead affirm that religion of every name has ceased to be a dominant force in human affairs, and that our later search is for the superman, the triumph of the human will expressed in terms of mechanical ingenuity and skill? Is some Bertrand Russell to define for us a new form of domestic bliss wherein no moral code imposes its prohibitions and inhibitions? Are those ethical standards, however poorly exemplified, that have stood us in stead in our commercial and social life for generations, to be abolished at the will of some modern genius whose only claim to distinction is an

adventitious originality in propounding a new and fantastic scheme of life?

All this is related, and related in a vital way, to the problems that now confront us. These questions and others of like importance are primary to any discussion that looks to a solution of present ills, be they expressed in terms of unemployment, unrest, a disturbed economic order, or world peace. America is called upon to think and to think seriously at this time. She must choose her course and prepare herself to meet the issues that inevitably follow her choice. The incidents and experiences of unborn days are veiled to our vision. We can go forward to greater achievement with freshened courage and deepened assurance if we will it so, with a new sense of consecration to spiritual ideals as a Christian civilization conceives them, with a better hope and a firmer resolve to do the right as God gives us to see the right; or, we can change the course of the proud ship of state and set its head to new ports, whose ways and standards are strange to our life, whose only traffic is in the things of time and sense and whose only satisfaction is the acquisition of material wealth and power.

The choice is before us. Which shall it be?

Our hope and expectation is that, sensitive to the quickened Christian conscience of America, every man and woman who believes in American institutions and ideals may solemnly resolve to put their religious convictions to a supreme test, and in doing so make the years that lie ahead the best and the most compensating we have ever known.

God helping us, may we learn to "bear one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."

The Cup that Never Faileth

By Douglas Horton

And he took a cup, and gave thanks, and gave to them, saying, Drink ye all of it. Matthew 26:27.

THERE is a remote reminder here of an experience of the late Dr. John Kelman who during the world war was a chaplain in the British army. In one of those hideous times just after a battle, when the wounded and the dying were being brought into the hospital in such numbers that proper medical attention could not possibly be given them, he was doing what he could to ease the suffering of the stricken men. It was twilight, but the pallor on their faces shone almost luminous. One of them, mad with fever and half delirious, called for a drink of water; and presently when he saw the chaplain coming toward him with it, he called out, in the blend of illusion and insight which madness sometimes is, "Here's Jesus Christ bringing me a cup of water: he never goes back on a pal!" And the chaplain, shocked though he was, saw that the man's cry had the effect of wonder and of peace on everyone there. The man gulped the water as if it had been a draught of life itself.

Now, whether or not the thought of Christ wrought an actual change in the minds of the sick and shattered in that hospital room, it is clear beyond a peradventure that Christ himself has wrought a change in the mind of the world. What historian would hold that the spirit of paganism was the same as the spirit of our Christian era? Once, some years ago, when I was preaching in a university chapel, I mentioned the ancient Greek story of the young Antigone, who gave her life for her brother, and paraphrased her heroic speech to the king of Sophocles' drama somewhat loosely, since the point I wished to make did not depend on the actual words of her speech. I quoted her as saying, "I love not you and your law, but I love God—I have no hope in man, but I have hope in God." A Greek professor, bent with years, followed me out of the chapel at the end of the service, laid his hand on my shoulder and said in a tone which bespoke at once his fatherliness and his concern for accuracy, "But she could not have used those words: the Greeks did not know what love and hope are, as we know them." It is true: we who live after Christ know something they did not know who lived before him.

The Minor Key

Wherever you look at the pre-Christian world, it is in general the same. Do you recall the name of Ossian, that half-mythical Gaelic bard who centuries ago sang the songs of the heathen ancestors of some of us in the north of England, in Scotland and Ireland? Every one of his epics is in the minor key: over his landscape the sun hangs low, or is buried in black clouds: cold seizes the wing of the bird: the tale is swift and sad. It is the atmosphere of twilight; of dark hopes, unrequited. There is undeniable beauty and heroism here, but there is also undeniable want of something equally necessary to life.

The characteristic literature of pre-Christian Japan was apparently of a similar description. A Japanese critic points out that its dominant word was one meaning "Things-as-they-are" (arinomama). Things as they should be were not conceived, or if conceived dismissed as visionary. The light of hope was absent: there was indeed no heaven from which it might shine. Brutal, morbid, and un-moral writing expressed the inner thought of men whose lives were nurtured in uncertainty and often enough crowned with hara-kiri.

One can fairly say of the pre-Christian world anywhere that its spirit is different from that of the Christian. But when Christ comes, comes a change.

What was it but the gospel of Christ which hundreds of years ago altered the character of Scotland, converted her minor into a major melody, and provided Robert Burns, the successor to the gloomy Ossian, with a song of life which, for all its imperfections, had yet in it the note of victory that becomes a Christian? Burns himself knew whence his nation's

best had come: he recalled the evenings spent by the Scottish family about the open Bible:

> From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
> That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
> Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
> "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Christ brought a cup of new life to Scotland, and she drank.

And what is it that in our own day is lifting the spirit of Japan? Under our very eyes we are seeing the Christian consciousness enter that country. Kagawa is perhaps the chief inspiration of the movement. Short of stature, wearing the clothes of a working man, eye-

DOUGLAS HORTON

sight almost gone, his only weapon that of love, he has brought to pass a revolution in almost every phase of his country's life. There has come a revolution in education—a revolution in the tone of the literature of his race—a revolution in social ideals, so that government and people are facing the problems of poverty no longer with paralyzed resignation to things as they are, but with bright-hearted devotion to things as they should be—but at the bottom of all a revolution, say rather a new creation, in the inner life of the people. Christ gave to him a cup of life to drink, and this he now extends to Japan.

"Ah," you will say, like the woman of Samaria, "Sir, give *me* this water, that I thirst not. It is evident to me that the gospel of Christ is vigorous, full of valor and of joy: I know that it has vitalized whole nations: I have seen men and women who have been altered and made splendid by a draught from that cup. And that now is what I want for myself: give me also to drink."

The cup has unusual contents. Christ said it was the cup of his blood. The metaphor is a somewhat violent one to us, but to the people to whom it was spoken it could have offered no difficulty whatever. Blood was their time-honored synonym for life. Had Christ spoken the words directly to us, he would doubtless have said, "This cup is (not my blood, but) my life: drink ye all of it." His life is the unfailing cup.

How shall we drink his life? By no other means, I take it, than we drink in other spiritual things—by reading, by study, by thought, by imagination. See the picture of his life, especially of his last week.

By way of understanding the miracle of Christ, look first at the surroundings in which he appears. The external circumstances of that last week are as dark as Ossian, as loveless as Greek paganism, and as cruelly realistic as any tale from the far east: it is as if the entire somberness and sordidness of the pre-Christian, the un-Christian world were met and massed there. Over everything broods the sense of hastening doom: every episode has it—the rulers in bated syllables plotting crucifixion—the sop of destiny dropping to the hand of Judas—the racking solitude of Gethsemane—the flaring torches, the leer of the betrayer and the kiss—the wolfish mob, lips slavering for the kill, outside the courts of Annas, Caiaphas, Pilate, Herod—the scourging, the mocking—and the last week closes with three crosses quivering in an earthquake in the darkness.

The Triumph of Faith

If you consider these things alone, if you put them in the cup of your meditation and drink them, you will come to the same sad, despairing consciousness, which is heathenism. The question is: do these things submerge God—will they defeat him—or will he break through them in triumph with a revelation of his real self?

Now see the whole picture. Look at the shining center of it. Thou crystal Christ! Man of poise and power and infinite compassion. Toward the rulers he is as one who knows they cannot harm him: "Art thou the Christ?" "I am!" In Gethsemane he is as one who, though confronted by the necessity of death, knows that God is master of death: "Not my will, but thine, be done." Toward the mob he is sympathetic and pitiful: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Toward the whole of creation, he is conscious that life and death alike are instruments whereby he can show mankind the love of the Father: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father!"

Consider Christ. Consider what stands behind him. Consider what stands behind that gracious personality. Is it confusion? Is it a welter of chance forces? Is it a machine? Is it a God defeated by history? It is a God of love who has in power broken through the past and now gives the world a revelation of his real self in the Man of Love. Standeth *God* within the shadow, keeping watch above his own. Drink that. That is the life of Christ. Christ makes it impossible to believe other than that the power that sent him cares for you, and all mankind. Drink ye all of it.

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

FOR TWENTY-TWO years *Rev.* OSCAR EDWARD MAURER has ministered to the Center church (Congregational), New Haven, Conn. He received his education at Beloit college and at Yale, and graduated from Yale divinity school, *cum laude,* in 1906. He has served his church and many philanthropic organizations in various posts of leadership—as chairman of the board of trustees of Talladega (Ala.) college, chairman of the Congregational commission on missions, a director of the Congregational home boards, and president of the Organized Charities association.

Rev. W. I. WISHART *has been pastor of* the Eighth United Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh, for 40 years—he holds the record for length of pastorate in that city. When he undertook the leadership of Eighth church, it had but 15 members; now it has 1,050. Dr. Wishart had the honor of being moderator of the general assembly of the U. P. church in 1925, and has served as president of the Pittsburgh council of churches for 14 years.

Rev. W. P. LEMON *is now the pastor of* the First Presbyterian church of Iowa City, one of those fine churches to be found on the margin of the campus of many of our state universities. Before he placed himself thus under the shadow of the University of Iowa, Dr. Lemon was for more than a decade pastor of the Presbyterian church on the campus of the University of Minnesota.

Rev. ELMER W. HARNER *is a graduate* of Gettysburg college, and for 12 years has been pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church, Denver. During his ministry the membership of the church has been trebled. Dr. Harner has twice been elected to the presidency of the Rocky Mountain synod of the United Lutheran church.

Rev. BRUCE S. WRIGHT *has become* something of a synonym for Protestant leadership in the city of Buffalo. His long pastorate in the Asbury-Delaware Methodist church there has thoroughly intertwined his name with the life of that city. His preaching gathers spaciousness, likewise, from the years which he spent as minister of the Union church in Manila.

It is a very unusual sermon contributed to our Easter number—on "The Risen Life"—by Rev. HENRY M. EDMONDS, who represents the southland in this issue. He ministers to the Independent Presbyterian church of Birmingham, Alabama (affiliated with the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.)

Bishop JAMES E. FREEMAN, *as a young* man, served for 15 years in the legal and accounting departments of eastern railroads. Turning from this field, he decided to throw his life into religious work, and studied at Seabury divinity school, Kenyon college and at Brown university. He served as rector of St. Andrew's Memorial church, Yonkers, N. Y., St. Mark's church, Minneapolis, and the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C. He was consecrated as bishop of Washington, D. C., in 1923. Bishop Freeman delivered the Beecher lectures at Yale in 1928.

*After graduating from Princeton univer-*sity in 1912, *Rev.* DOUGLAS HORTON spent several years studying in Scotland and Germany, then returning to America received his B. D. degree at Harford seminary. He was ordained in the Congregational ministry, and has held pastorates at Middletown, Conn., and Brookline, Mass.; this spring he leaves Brookline to become minister of the United Church of Hyde Park, Chicago, which combines the Hyde Park Congregational and Presbyterian churches. Dr. Horton has become internationally famous by his translations of the works of Karl Barth, the German theologian.

Rev. GEORGE CRAIG STEWART *is bishop* of the Episcopal diocese of Chicago.

TITLES *and* TEXTS

What PULPIT Readers are Preaching About

GEORGE G. VOGEL, M. E., South Orange, N. J. "Built In." 1 Pet. 2:5—"Ye also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood."

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT
(Mail to The Christian Century Pulpit)

.....
Title of sermon

.....
Text used (Write out the text)

.....
Name of minister

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Name of church

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G. EDWIN OSBORN, Hanover Avenue Christian, Richmond, Va. "Bringing Back Prosperity." Matt. 6:33—"But seek ye first His kingdom, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

FREDERICK W. NORWOOD, City Temple, London. "The Passing of the Gods." Jer. 10:11—"Thus shall he say unto them, The Gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, these shall perish from the earth, and from under the heavens."

CHARLES G. RICHARDS, First Presbyterian, Verona, N. J. "Moral Relativity." Luke 16:10—"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

CARL C. SEITTER, Grace M. E., Los Angeles, Cal. "Occasional Religion." Jonah 2:7—"When my soul fainted within me, I remembered Jehovah."

C. BYNUM BETTS, Associate Reformed Presbyterian, Clinton, S. C. "Beyond the Duty Line." Matt. 5:41—"Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

W. R. HALL, Chaplain Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. "Synchronized Living." John 15:5—"For apart from me ye can do nothing."

A. P. MENZIES, United Church, Westboro, Ont., Can. "The Shame of the Shirker." Matt. 27:36—". . . and sitting down, they watched him there."

HAROLD S. CAPRON, First Congregational, Whitman, Mass. "Love in the Imperative Mood." Mark 12:30, 31—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

Drys Get Together

CAN prohibitionists get together, and work together? They better had! That is the laconic and inelegant answer appropriate to the present hour. And it looks now as if they will do so. The "National Conference of Organizations Supporting the Eighteenth Amendment" which has hitherto been only a *conference,* with the implication that its thirty-three constituent organizations—Anti-saloon league, W. C. T. U., Flying Squadron, various denominational boards, and all the rest—were free to *act* in complete independence of one another, has been transformed into a comprehensive agency with power to function on behalf of all its members. This action was taken at Washington, D. C., the last week in February where for three days the representatives of these organizations deliberated on the present situation. United action under a unified command was set up as the goal, and definite steps were taken toward its attainment. Space is lacking to tell the story here, but the various organizations joined in creating a board of strategy to handle the political situation and to speak on behalf of the united dry forces to our political parties, to congress and to the President. I dare to hope that the personnel of the board of strategy will bring new personalities into the prohibition picture, that the clerical character of the dry leadership will be reinforced if not partially displaced by influential leaders chosen from the laity and representing citizenship rather than churches, and—both for the good of prohibition and for the good of religion—that the church leaders now in the spotlight of political action may yield their place to the board of strategy. Such a development will involve no lessening of churchly obligation for prohibition, but rather a redoubling of our zeal in ways more appropriate to churches.

The Book of the Month

THE PASSION WEEK. *By Walter E. Bundy. Willett, Clark & Colby, Chicago.* $2.00.

I HOPE it is not too late to get this book into the hands of ministers in time for use during their pre-Easter services. Dr. Bundy is at once a scholar and a teacher of non-technical students of the New Testament. As professor of the English Bible in DePauw, he has developed a most effective method of interpreting the Christian faith to college students. His book on the passion week is accurate and painstaking but not over-burdened with meticulous detail. In its chapters he presents a critical study of the movements, deeds and words of Jesus during the last dramatic week of his life, using Mark's account as the basis, with a penetrating analysis of the parallels in the other gospels. The author's purpose is primarily to disclose the meaning of the week's events to the mind of Jesus himself, whom he treats as a human religious subject rather than as an object of worship. I do not follow those who make an "either-or" distinction between the religion *of* Jesus and the religion *about* Jesus, for I find that as I enter more and more understandingly into Jesus' own experience as a religious subject the more irresistible is my impulse to make him an object of worship. As Dr. Bundy reconstructs and interprets the moral experience of Jesus on the ascent to the cross the reader will be moved to say with Thomas, My Lord and my God!

A Thought for the Month

The Risk Of Faith

THE element of risk involved in every act of true faith has not received the attention of religious teachers because faith has been taken in a legalistic way to mean belief—the belief of evidence. In Jesus' teaching, however, faith is not a belief of evidence. It is putting to the test of conduct a course of life for which no convincing proof can be found except in the actual experience of living that way. It is a hazard always. It is vain, for example, to stand outside of prayer and discuss it; the question of prayer can be settled only by him who stands inside and practices it. After the philosophers have had their say, the question of the existence of God is finally solved by the practical man who lives as if God did exist. It is not the mighty in intellect but the pure in heart who see him. Our response to the man Christ Jesus does not depend upon certain credentials which are supposed to attest his divinity, but upon our capacity to perceive his inherent moral worth. Men asked him once by what authority he did these things. He answered with a counter-question which brought out their incompetence to read his credentials even if he had presented them. He told Pilate that they who were "of the truth" would hear his voice. If a man does not see in Jesus the "highest, holiest manhood" there is no argument that can convince him. Though one may be convinced that Jesus fulfilled the prophets, and wrought supernatural miracles, and rose from the dead, the belief of all this would not be faith unless one discerns the intrinsic beauty and strength of the moral character of Jesus and responds to it in terms of conduct, choosing to take the risk with Jesus and his way of life rather than to dwell in the tents of materialism and secularism. Faith, as Donald Hankey once said, is just "betting your life that there is a God." It is also betting your life that in the character of Christ we are privileged to see what kind of being God is.

Charles Clayton Morrison

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"I congratulate the editorial staff of the Pulpit on what it has effected during its comparatively short term of service." *Milton S. Evans* (Crozer Theological Seminary.)

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